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The Disobedient Child

Disobedient Child

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Disobedient Child

By THOMAS INGELEND

[1570?]

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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The Disobedient Child

By THOMAS INGELEND

Copies of this play, one of the rarest and best of the pre-Shakespearean dramas, and of which apparently there was only one edition, are in the British Museum (C. 34, c. 35) *and in the Bodleian Libraries. Another copy turned up in "the Irish find" of* 1906, *and when brought to auction-sale was bought by Mr. Quaritch, who now catalogues it at* £284 !

The British Museum authorities give the date as "[1570]," *but there are reasons for thinking* 1560, *or thereabouts, nearer the mark.*

Of the author nothing is known beyond the fact that, as stated on the title-page, he was when the play was printed "late Student in Cambridge."

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports that "the thinness of the paper of the original, and consequent showing through of the ink from the other side, makes many of the pages look blurred and difficult to read; and this defect is necessarily to some

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slight extent intensified in the photographs. I do not see how this could have been avoided; and in all other respects the reproduction is excellent."

Specific criticism is as follows:—

(1) B. *i.* verso, *line* 20, *the* **ou** *of* **thou** *is clearly printed in the original. A stain on the paper is somewhat over-exaggerated in the reproduction.*

(2) D. *iv.* verso, *lines* 5–12 *are printed too heavily, and some letters are smudged which in original are clear.*

(3) E. *iv. line* 15, *the second* **m** *of* **cõmaundement** *has no flaw in the original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

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A pretie and Mery new Enterlude: called the Disobedient Child.

Compiled by Thomas Ingelend late Student in Cambridge.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, beneath the Conduit by Thomas Colwell.

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¶ The Players names.

¶ The Prologue speaker.
¶ The Rycheman.
¶ The Rychemans sonne.
¶ The Wancooke.
¶ The Womancooke.
¶ The young woman.
¶ The Seruingman.
¶ The Priest.
¶ The Deuyll.
¶ The Perorator.

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¶ The Prologue speaker.

NOwe forasmuche as in these latter dayes,
Throughout the whole world in euery lande
Vice doth encrease, and Vertue decayes
Iniquitie haunynge the vpper hande.
We therfore intende, good gentle Audience,
A prettie short Interlude, to playe at this present
Desyrynge your leaue and quiet silence
To shewe the same, as is mete and expedient.
The sume wherof, matter and argument,
In two or thre verses, briefely to declare,
Synce that it is for an honest intent,
I wyll somewhat bestowe my care.
In the Citie of London, there was a ryche man
Who louynge his sonne moste tenderlye,
Moued hym earnestly now and than,
That he woulde gyue his mynde to studye.
Sayinge that by knowledge, sypence, and learnynge
Is at the last gotten a pleasaunt lyfe:
But throughe the want, and lacke of this thynge
Is purchased poueritie, sorowe, and strife.
His Sonne notwithstandynge, this gentle monicion
Is one that was cleane deuoyde of grace,
Dyd turne to a mocke, and open derision
Moste wickedly with an vnshamefast face.
In so muche that contrarye to his fathers wyll
Vnto a ponge woman he dyd consente,
Wherby of iuste he might haue his fyll,
And maryed the same incontynente.
Not longe after that, the childe began
To feele his wyffes great frowardenes,

And called hymselfe vnhappye man,
Oppressed with payne and beanyne.
Who before that time, dyd lyue blessedly,
Whilst he was vnder his fathers wynge
But nowe beynge wedded, mournynge and mysery
Dyd hym torment without endynge,
But nowe it is tyme for me to be gonge,
And hence to departe for a certyne space,
For I do heare the Ryche man cõmynge
With the wanton boye into this place.

¶ Here the Prologue speaker goeth out, and in cõmeth the Ryche man and his sonne.

Riches

¶ The Sonne.

Father I beseche you father, shewe me the wage
What thynge I were best to take in hand,
Whereby this short lyfe so spende I maye
That all greefe and trouble, I myght withstande.

¶ The father.

¶ What is the meanynge (my chylde) I the praye
This question to demande of me?
For what thynge to do, I am glad always
Which shulde not be greuous to the.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Marye but therfore, of you counsell I take,
Seynge nowe my Chyldehood, I am clean past,
That bute me, ye plainly do make,
What to a youngman is best for to taste.

¶ The

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¶ The father.

¶ I see nothinge truely my Sonne so mete
And to prove so profytable for the
As vnto the Scholle to move thy feete,
With studious Laddes, there for to be.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ What the Scholle, naye father, naye,
Go to the Scholle is not the best waye.

¶ The father.

¶ Saye what thou lyste, for I can not inuent
A waye more cõmodyous in my Judgement.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ It is well knowne howe that ye haue loued
Me heretofore at all tymes most tenderlye
But now (me thynke) ye haue playnely shewed
Certayne tokens of hatred.
For if I shoulde go to my Booke after your aduyse
Whiche haue spent my Chyldehood so pleasauntlye,
I maye then seeme dryuen out of Paradyse
To take payne and woe, greefe and mysterye.
All thynges I had rather sustayne and abyde
The busynes of the Scholle oneys cast aside,
Therfore thoughe ye crye tyll ye reue asunder
I wyll not meddle with such a matter.

¶ The father.

¶ Why can not I thee thus much perswade,
For that in my mynde is the best trade.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ When all is saide and all is done,
Concernynge all thynges both more and lesse
Yet lyke to the Scholle none vnder the Sonne
Bryngeth to chyldren so much beaynesse.

¶ The father.

¶ What thoughtt be paynfull, what thought it be greuos,
For so be all thynges at the fyrste learynge,
yet meruaylous pleasure it bryngeth vnto vs
As a reward for suche paynes takynge.
Wherfore come of and be of good cheare
And go to thy Booke without any feare
For a man without knowledge (as I haue read)
Maye well be compared to one that is dead.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ No more of the Schole, no more of the Booke
That woefull worke is not for my purpose
For vpon those Bookes I maye not looke,
If so I dyd, my labour I should lose.

¶ The father.

¶ Why than to me thy fansye expresse
That the Schole matters to the are counted bexpresse

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Euen as to a great man, wealthy and ryche
Seruice and bondage is a harde thynge
So to a Boye both daynty and nyce
Learnynge and studye is greatly displeasynge.

¶ The father.

¶ What my Chylde, displeasynge I praye the
That maketh a man lyue so happyly.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Yea by my trouthe, suche kynde of wysdome
Is to my hearte I tell you, verye lothesome.

¶ The father.

¶ What trayll therof hast thou taken
That the Scole of thee is so ill bespoken.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ What

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¶ What trvall therof wouldе ye fayne knowe?
Not hynge moze eaſye then this to ſhawe:
At other bopes handes, I haue it learned,
And that of thoſe truelye moſt of all other
Which foz a certen tyme haue remayned
In the houſe and pryſon of a Scholemayſter

¶ The father.

¶ I dare well ſaye, that there is no myſerye
But rather Joye, paſtyme, and pleaſure
Alwayes with Scholers keepynge company,
No lyke to this, I the well aſſure.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ It is not true father which you do ſaye,
The contrarye therof is proued alwaye.
Foz as the Brute goeth by many a one,
Their tender bodyes both nyght and daye
Are whyppped and ſcourged, and beate lyke a ſtone
That from toppe to toe, the ſkyn is awaye.

¶ The father.

¶ Is there not (ſaye they) foz them in this caſe,
Gyuen other whyle foz pardone ſome place.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ None truely none, but that alas, alas
Diſeaſes amonge them do growe apace.
Foz out of their backe and ſyde doth floe,
Of verye goore bloode meruelyouſly abundance,
And yet foz all that is not ſuffered to goe,
Tyll death be almoſt ſeene in their countenance.
Shoulde I be content then thyther to ryune,
Where the bloude from my breche thus ſhoulde ſpynne,
So longe as my wyttes ſhall be myne owne,
The Scholehouſe foz me ſhall ſtande alone.

¶ The

¶ The Father.

¶ But I am sure that this wyde of farion
Is not shewed to chyldren of honest condicion.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Of truth with these Maisters is no dyfference
For ayre towardes all, is their wrathe and violence.

¶ The Father.

¶ Sonne in this poynt, thou art quyte decepued
And without doubte falsely persuaded
For it is not to be iudged that any Scholemaysser,
Is of so great fiersenes and cruelye
And of yonge Infantes so sore a tormenter
That the breath shouide be about to leaue the bodye.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Father this tyme I couide not haue beleued
But of late dayes I dyd beholde
An honest mannes sonne hereby buryed
Which throughe many stryppes was dead and colde.

¶ The Father.

¶ Peruenture the Childe of some disease did labour,
Which was the cause of his Sepulture.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ With no disease surely, was he disquieted,
As unto me it was then reported.

¶ The Father.

¶ If that with no such tyme he were infected
What was the cause that he departed.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Men saye, that of this man, his bloudy maysser
Whose a Lyon most cõmonly frowned,
Yonge hanged up by the heeles together.
Was beaty and buttocke greuously whipped.

And

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And last of all (whiche to speake I trembled)
That his head to the wall he had often trusched.

¶ The Father.

¶ Thus to thynke Sonne, thou art begupled verelye,
And I wouide wysche the to suppose the contrary.
And not for suche tales my counsell to forsake
Which only do couet thee learned to make.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ If Demosthenes and Tully were present truely
They couide not prynt it within my head depely.

¶ The Father.

¶ Yet by thy fathers wyll and intercession,
Thou shalt be content that thinge to pardon.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Commaunde what ye lyst, that onely excepted,
And I will by redy ynot myndé to fulfyll,
But where as I shuide to the Schole haue resorted
My hande to the Palmer submyttynge styll.
I wyll not obey ye therin to be playne,
Thoughe with a thousande strokes I be slayne.

¶ The Father.

¶ Wo is me my Sonne, wo is me,
This heauy and dolefull daye to see.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I graunt in dede, I am your Sonne,
But you my father shall not be,
If that ye wyll cast me into that prysion,
Where torne in peices ye myght me see.

¶ The Father.

¶ Where I myght see the torne and rente,
O Lord I couide not suche a dede inuent.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Nay by the Masse, I holde ye, a grote
Those cruell tyrannes cut not my throte:
Better it were my selfe dyd slepe,
Then they with the Rodde my flesche shoulde slepe.
Well I woulde we dyd this talke ouypt,
For it is lothesome to me euery whypt.

¶ The Father.

¶ What trade then (I prayde the) shall I deuyse
Wherof thy lyuinge at length maye arise.
Wilte thou folowe Warfare, and a Souldiour be pointed,
And so amonge Troyans and Romaynes be nombred,

¶ The Sonne.

¶ See ye not maysters my fathers aduyse
Haue ye the lyke at any time hardee
To wyll me therto, he is not wyse
If my yeares and strength he dyd regarde,
ye speake worse and worse, what soeuer ye saye,
This maner of life is not a good waye.
For no kynde of offyce can me please,
Which is subiecte to woundes and strokes alwaies.

¶ The Father.

¶ Somwhat to do, it is mete and conuenient,
Wylte thou then gyue thy dylygent endeuoure
To let thy youth vnhonestly be spent
And do as poore knaues, which Jakes do scoure.
For I do not see that any good Arte
Or eis any honest Science, or occupacion
Thou wylte be content to haue a parte
After thy fathers wynde and exhortacion.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Ha, ha, ha, a laboure in verye deede,
God send hym that lyse which standes in nerde.

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There be many fathers that chyldren haue
And yet not make the worst of them a slaue,
Might not you of your selfe be well a shamed
Which wolde haue your sonne thyther constraynede.

¶ The Father.

¶ I wouldde not haue the Dryuen to that succoure,
yet for bycause the Scriptures declare,
That he shoulde not eate, which wyll not laboure
Some worke to do it must be thy care.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Father, it is but a folye with you to stryue
But yet notwithstandynge I hope to thryue

¶ The Father.

¶ That this thyne intente maye take good successe
I praye God hartely of hys goodnes.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Well, well, shall I in fewe wordes reherse.
What thinge doth most my Conscience perse.

¶ The Father.

¶ Therwith I am Sonne very well contented.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Yea but I thynke that ye wyll not be pleased.

¶ The Father.

¶ In dede peradventure it maye so chaunce.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Maye but I praye ye without any perchaunce,
Shall not my request turne to your greuaunce.

¶ The Father.

¶ If it be iust and lawfull, which thou doest requyre.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Both iust and lawfull haue ye no feare.

¶ The Father.

Nowe therfore aske, what is thy peticion.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Loe this it is without further Dilacion,
For so much as all yongmen for this my Beautie,
As the Moone, the starres, I do farre excell,
Therfore out of hande, with all spede possyble,
To haue a wife (me thynke) wolde do well,
For now I am yonge, lyuely, and lustie,
And welcome besydes to all mennes companye.

¶ The Father.

¶ Good Lord, good Lord, what do I here.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Is this your begynnynge to performe my desyre.

¶ The Father.

¶ Alas my childe, what meaneth thy desyre.
Why doest thou couet thy owne vndoynge.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I knowe not in the worlde howe to do the thynge
That to his stomacke, maye be delyghtynge.

¶ The Father.

¶ Why foolysche Idiot, thou goest about a wyfe
Which is a burthen and poke all thy lyfe.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Admyt she shall as a burthen with me remayne,
yet wyll I take one, if your good wyll I attayne.

¶ The Father.

¶ Sonne it shall not be thus by my counsell.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I truste ye wyll not me otherwyse compell.

¶ The Father.

¶ If thou were as wyse, as I haue iudged the
Thou woldest in this case be ruled by me.

¶ The

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¶ The Sonne.

¶ To folowe the contrarye I can not be turned
My harte therون is stylly fixed.

¶ The father.

¶ What I saye, about thine owne distruction?

¶ The Sonne.

¶ No, no, but about myne owne saluation:
For if I be helped, I swere by the Halle,
It is onely Marryage that bringes it to passe.
It is not the Schole, it is not the Booke,
It is not Science or Occupacion,
It is not to be a Barbour or Cooke
Wherein is now set my consolacion.
And synce it is thus, be fathes content
For to marye a wyfe, I am full bent.

¶ The father.

¶ Well if thou wylt not my Sonne, be ruled
But nedes wylt folowe thyne owne foolysheness,
Take hede hereafter if thou be troubled
At me thou never seeke redresse.
For I am certeyn thou canst not abyde
Any payne at all, grefe, or vexacion,
Thy Childhood with me so easely hyd slyde
Full of all pastyme and delectacyon.
And if thou wouldest folowe the Booke and learnynge,
And with thy selfe also, take a wyfe wayte:
Then thou mayst get a gentlemans lyvynge
And with many other beare a great swaye.
Besydes this I wolde in time to come
After my power, and small habylytie,
Helpe the and further the, as my wysdome,
Shulde me most counsell for thy Commodytie.

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¶ The Sonne.

¶ To folowe the contrarye I can not be turned
My harte therون is stylly fixed.

¶ The Father.

¶ What I saye, about thine owne disruction?

¶ The Sonne.

¶ No, no, but about myne owne saluation:
For if I be helped, I swere by the Masse,
It is onely Marryage that bryngeth it to passe.
It is not the Schole, it is not the Booke,
It is not Science or Occupacion,
It is not to be a Barbour or Cooke
Wherein is now set my consolacion.
And synce it is thus, be fathes content
For to marye a wyfe, I am full bent.

¶ The Father.

¶ Well if thou wylt not my Sonne, be ruled
But nedes wylt folowe thyne owne foolysheness,
Take hede hereafter if thou be troubled
At me thou never seeke redresse.
For I am certeyn thou canst not abyde
Any payne at all, grefe, or vexacion,
Thy Chyldhood with me so easely hyd slyde
Full of all pastyme and delectacyon.
And if thou wouldest folowe the Booke and learnynge,
And with thy selfe also, take a wyse wayne:
Then thou mayst get a gentlemans lyvynge
And with many other heare a great swaye.
Besydes this I wolde in time to come
After my power, and small habylytie,
Helpe the and further the, as my wyldome,
Shulde me most counsell for thy Commodytie.

And such a wyfe I woulde prepare for the
As shoulde be vertuous, wise and honest,
And gyue the wyth her after my degree,
Wherby thou mightest alwayes lyue in rest.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I cannot, I tell ye agayne, so much of my lyfe
Consume at my Booke without a wyfe.

¶ The Father.

¶ I percepue therfore, I haue done to well
And shewed ouer much fauoure to the,
That now agaynst me thou doest rebell
And for thyne owne furtheraunce wylt not agree,
Wherfore of my goodes thou gettest not a peny
Nor anye succoure els at my handes
For such a childe is most vnworthy
To haue any parte of his fathers landes.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I do not esteme father your goodes or landes
Or any parte of all your treasure,
For I iudge it ynoughe to be out of handes
And from this daye forward to take my pleasure.

¶ The Father.

¶ Well, if it shall chaunce the thy folye to repent
As thou art lyke within short space,
Thynke none but thy selfe worthy to be shent,
Lettynge my counsell to take no place.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ As touchynge that matter, I wyll no man blame
Now farewell father, most hartely for the same.

¶ The Father.

¶ Farewell my Sonne, departe in Goddes name.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Rome

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¶ Rome I saye vnto, let me be gone
My father if he lyst, shall tarye alone.

¶ Here the Sonne goeth out and the Ryche man taryeth behinde alone.

¶ The Father.

NOwe at the last I do my selfe consyder
Howe great griefe it is and heynyes,
To euery man, that is a Father,
To suffre his chylde to folowe wantonnes,
If I myght lyue a hundred yeares longer
And houlde haue sonnes and daughters many
yet for this Boyes sake, I wyll not suffer,
One of them all at home with me to tarye,
They houlde not be kept thus vnder my wynge
And haue all that which they desyre,
For why it is but theyr onely vndoynge
And after the Prouerbe, we put oyle to the fyre.
Wherfore we Parentes must haue a regarde,
Our Chyldren in time for to subdue
Or els we shall haue them euer vntowarde,
yea, spyteful, disdayufull, nought, and vntrue.
And let vs them thynke always to the Schole
Wherby at their Bookes they maye be kept vnder:
And so we shall shortely their courage coole,
And bryngye them to honestie, vertue and Nurture.
But alas now a dayes (the maye is the pytye)
Science and learnynge is so lytell regarded,
That none of vs all doth make or studye
To see our chyldren well taught and instructed.
We decke them, we trym them with gayglous arraye
We pampye and fede them, and kepe them so gaye
That in the ende of all this, they be our foes.

We basse them, kysse them, we looke rounde about
We meruaile and wonder to see them so leane
We euer anone doe inuent and seke out,
To make them goe trickslie, gallaunt, and cleane.
Which is nothyng els, but the very prouokyng
To all vnthriftynes, vice, and Iniquitie,
It puffeth them vp, it is an allurynge
Their fathers and mothers at lengthe to defye.
Which thing myne owne Sonne doth playnely declare
Whom I alwayes intierly haue loued,
He was so my Iope, he was so my care
That now of the same I am despised.
And now he is hence from me departed,
He hath no delyght with me to dwell,
He is not merye, vntyll he be maryed,
He hath of knauerye tooke such a smell.
But yet seynge that he is my Sonne,
He doth me constrayne vytterly to weepe,
I am not (me thynke) well, tyll I be gone
For this place I can no lenger keepe.

¶ Here the Kyche man goeth out and the two Cookes cōmeth in first the one and then the other.

¶ The Mancooke.

Make hast Blaunche Blabbe it out, & come a ways
For we haue ynought to do all this whole daye,
Why Blaunche blabbe it out, wilt thou not come
And knowest what busynes there is to be done?
If thou wers better with thepot at thy nose
Thou carest not how other matters goes,
Come a waye I pyd the, and tarye no longer
To trust to thy helpe, I am much the better.

¶ The

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¶ The Maydecooke.

¶ What a Murryn I say, what a noyse doest thou make?
I thynke that thou be not well in the wytes
I neuer harde man on this sorte to take
With suche angry wordes, and hastie fytes.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Why dost thou remembre, what is to be bought
For the great Bydale agayns to morowe?
The market must be in every place sought
For all kynde of meates, God gyue the sorow.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ What bãnyng, what cursynge, Longtong is with the?
I made as muche spede, as I coulde possybyle,
Iwys thou mightest haue tarydd for me
Untill in all pointes I had ben redye,
I haue for thee looked full oft heretofore,
And yet for all that sayde neuer the more.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Well for this ones, I am with thee content
So that hereafter thou make more hast,
Or els I tell thee, thou wylte it repent,
To loyter so longe, tyll the Market be past.
For there must be bought Beefe, Veale, and Mutton,
And that men such as is good and fat
With Pigge, Geese, Conyes and Capon,
Howe sayest thou Blaunchblabbe it out buts that?

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ I can not tell Lontonge, what I shoulde saye
Of such good cheare I am so glad:
That if I woulde not eate all that daye
My healy to fyll, I were berye mad.

¶ Mancooke.

There must be also Fesaunte and Swanne
There must be Heronsewe, Partriche and Quayle,
And therfore I must do, what I can,
That of none of all these the Gentelman fayle.
I dare saye he lookes for many thinges more,
To be prepared against to morne,
Wherfore I saye, hence let vs goe,
My feete do stande vpon a thorne.

Maydecooke.

Naye good Longtonge, I praye the ones agayne
To here yet of my mynde. a worde or twayne.

Mancooke.

Come of then: dispatche, and speake it quickly
For what thynge it is, thou causest me tary.

Maydecooke.

Of whence is this Gentelman, ye to morowe is married
Where doth his father and his mother dwelle
Above fourty myles he hath trauayled
As yester nyght his Seruaunte dyd tell.

Mancooke.

In verye dede, he commes a great waye,
With my Mayster he maye not longe abyde,
It hath cost hym so muche on costly araye,
That Money out of his purse apace doth slyde.
They saye that his frendes be ryche and wealthy
And in the Cytie of London haue their dwellynge,
But yet of them all he hath no peny,
To spende and bestowe here at his weddynge.
And if it be true that his Seruaunte dyd saye
He hath vtterly lost his kyndes good wyll
Bycause he wolde not their counsayle obaye,
And in his owne Countrey tarye styll.

As

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As for this woman, which bee shall marye
At Saynct Albones alwayes, hath spent her lyfe
I thynke she be a shrew. I tell thee playnely,
And full of debate, malyce and stryfe.

Maydecooke.

Thoughe I neuer sawe this woman before
Whiche hither with him this Gentelman brought,
Yet neuertheles I haue tokens in store,
To iudge of a woman that is frowarde and naught.
The typ of her nose, is as sharpe as mynne
Her tonge and her tune is very shrill
I warraunt her, she commes of an vngracious kyn,
And loueth to much her pleasure and wyll.
What thoughe she be now so neate and so nyce,
And speaketh as gentle as euer I heardc:
Yet yongmen which be wyttie and wyse,
Such lookes, and such wordes, shulde not regarde.

Mancooke.

Blanch blabbe it out, thou sayest verye true
I thynke thou beginnest at length to preache
This thynge to me is straunge and new,
To heare such a foole yongman to teache.

Maydecooke.

I foole mine owne Longtong, why caist thou me foole
Thoughe nowe in the kytchyn I waste the daye,
Yet in tymes paste I went to Schoole,
And of my laten primer I tooke assaye.

Mancooke.

Mayster, this woman dyd lay such assaye,
And then in those dayes so applyed her booke,
That one worde thereof, she carryed not awaye,
But then of a Scholer was made a Cooke.

I dare saye she knoweth not, howe her Primer began,
Which of her mayster she learned than.

Maydecooke.

I trowe it began with Domine labia aperies.

Mancooke.

What dyd it begyn with butterde peeas?

Maydecooke.

I tell the agayne, with Domine labia aperies,
If nowe to heare, it be thyne ease.

Mancooke.

How, how, with my Madame laye in the peeas?
I thynke thou art mad with Domine labia aperies.

Mancooke.

Yea marry, I iudged it went such wayes,
It began with Doxthe laye by the keyes.

Maydecooke.

Naye then God night, I perceyue by thys geare,
That none is so deafe, as whe wyll not heare,
I spake as playnely, as I couldde deuise,
Yet me vnderstande, thou canst in no wyse.

Mancooke.

Why yet ones agayne, and I wyll better lysten
And looke vpon the, howe thy lyppes do open.

Maydecooke.

Wen mathe then, and harken ones for all:
Or els heare it agayne thou neuer shall,
My Booke I saye, began with Domine labia aperies.

Mancooke.

Fye, fye, howe slowe am I of vnderstandynge?
Was it all this whyle, Domine labia aperies?
Belyke I haue lost my sense of hearynge,

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With broylynge and burnynge in the kytchyn adyes.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ I promysse the thou semest to haue done lytell better
For that I wote in my lyfe I neuer sawe,
One lyke to thy selfe, in so easye a matter.
Unlesse he were deafe, thus playe the Dame.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ Come on, come on, we haue almost forgotten
Such plentie of victualles as we shulde bye
It were almes by my trothe, thou were well beaten
Bycause so longe thou hast made me tarye.

¶ Maydecooke.

¶ Tusche tusche, we shall come in very good season,
If so be thou goest as fast as I,
Take vp thy basket and quickly haue done
We wyll be both there by and by.

¶ Mancooke.

¶ I for my parte wyll neuer leaue runnynge
Untyll that I cõme to the Signe of the Whittynge.

¶ Here the two Cookes runne out and in commeth the Yongman and the Yongwoman his Louer.

¶ The yongwoman.

Where is my sweetynge, whom I do seeke
He promysed me to haue mette me here
Tyll I speake with him, I thinke it a weeke
For he is my Joye, he is my there.
There is no night, there is no daye
But that my thoughtes be all of hym
I haue no delyght if he be away,
Such toyes in my heade do euerswym.

But beholde at the last, where he doth come
For whom my harte desyred longe,
Now shall I know all an sone,
Wherfore I woulde fare, I had great wronge

¶ The yongman.

¶ My darlynge, my Conye, my Bride so bright of hue,
Sweete hart I saye, all hayle to thee
How do our Loues, be they fast a sleepe
Or the olde lynelynes, do to they still keepe

¶ The yongewoman.

¶ Do ye aske and my Loue be fast a sleepe
O if a woman maye vtter her mynde,
My loue had almost made me to weepe
Bycause that euen now I dyd not you fynde
I thought it surely a whole hundred yere,
Tyll in this place I sawe you here.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Alacke, alacke, I am sorye for this,
I had such busines I myght not come
But ye maye perceyue what my wyt is,
Now shall regarde I haue and wisdome.

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ Wheras ye aske me concernynge my loue
I well assure you, it doth daily augment:
Nethynge can make me starte or moue
you onely to loue is myne intent.

¶ The yongman.

¶ And as for my loue doth neuer relente,
For of you I do dreame, of you I do thynke:
To dynner and supper, I neuer went,
But of Beere and Wyne to you I dyd drinke.

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Now of such thynges therfore to make an ende
Which pytyfull louers do cruelly torment,
To Maryage in Goddes name, let vs discende
As vnto this houre we haue bene bente.

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ your wyll to accomplysche I am as redye,
As any woman, beleue me truelye.

¶ The yongman.

¶ This Ryngge then I gyue you as a token sure,
Wherby our loue shall alwayes endure.

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ With a pure pretence your pledge I take gladly
For a Signe of our loue, fayth and fydelytie.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Nowe I am safe, nowe I am glad,
Nowe I do lyue, nowe I do raigne:
Me thought tyll now I was to sad,
Wherfore sadnes flye hence agayne.
I waye with those wordes which my father brought out
I waye with his faigenes and exhortacion
He coulde not make me his foole or his lowte,
And put me besydes this delectacion.
Dyd he iudge that I woulde go to the Schoole,
And wight my tyme spende after this sorte?
I am not his Calfe, nor yet his foole,
This Virgin I kylle, is my comforte.

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ Well than I praye you let vs be maryed
For me thynke from it we haue longe tarryed.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Agreed my Sweetynge, it shalbe then done,
Synce that thy good wyll I haue goten and wone.

¶ The

¶ The yongwoman.

¶ There wolde this daye be very good sheare
That euery one his healy maye fyll,
And thre or foure Minstrelles wolde be here
That none in the house syt idle or fyll.

¶ The yongman.

¶ Take ye no thought for abundaunce of meate
That shoulde be spent at our Bryddale,
For there shalbe ynought for all men to eate
And Minstrelles besydes thertto shall not fayle.
The Cookes I dare saye, a good whyle a gone
With such kynde of flesche as I dyd them tell
Are from the market both come home
Or elis my owne Conye they do not well.
I knewe before that I come to this place
We shoulde be maryed togyther thys daye
Which caused me then forthwith in this case
To sende for victualles or I came awaye.

¶ The yongwoman.

Wher fore then (I praye ye) shall we go to our Inne,
And looke that euery thinge be made redye,
Or elis all is not worth a Brasse pynne,
Such hast is requyred in matrymonye.

¶ The yongman.

¶ I thinke fire a clocke it is, not much passed
But yet to the priest we wyll make hast
That accordynge to customs we maye be both coupled
And with a strongeknot for euer bounde fast.
yet ere I departe, some songe I wyll synge,
To the intent to declare my Loye withoute feate
And in the mesne tyme you maye my swesynge,
Rest your selfe in this lytell chayre.

¶ The

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¶ The Songe.

Spyte of his spyte, which that in vayne,
Doth sutte to force my fantasye,
I ampropell for losse or gayne,
To be thyne owne assuredlye:
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.
¶ Although my father of vnlye wytte,
Doth babble styll, I care not tho,
I haue no feare, nor yet wyll flytte,
As doth the water to and fro,
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.
¶ For I am set and wyll not swerue,
Whom spytefull speche vnmouethy nought
And syuce that I thy grace deserue,
I count it is not derely bought,
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasie wyll neuer turne.
¶ Who is afrayde let yon hym flye,
For I shall well abyde the brunte:
Maugre to hys lyppes that lysteth to lye
Of vnlye brayne as is the wonte,
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.
¶ Who lysteth therat to laughe or loure
I am not he that ought doth retche
There is no payne that hath the power,
Out of my breste your loue to fetche,
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ For wheras he moued me to the Schoole,
And onely to folowe my Booke and learnenynge:
He coulde neuer make me such a foole,
With all his softe woordes, and fayre speakynge.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ This Wynton here, this wyncing Trull,
Doth please me more a thousande folde:
Then all the earthe that is so full,
Of precious stones, Syluer and Golde.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ What soeuer I dyd, it was for her sake
It was for her loue, and onely pleasure,
I counte it no laboure, such labours to take,
In gettynge to me so hygh a treasure.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasie wyll neuer turne.

¶ This daye, I intended for to be wyen,
Although my harde Father be farre hence.
I knowe no cause for to be heuye,
For all this coste and great expence.
Wherfore let my father spyte and spurne,
My fantasye wyll neuer turne.

¶ How lyke ye this songe, my owne swete Rose,
Is it well made for our purpose.

¶ The youngwoman.

¶ I neuer harde in all my life a better,
More pleasaunte, more meete for the matter.
Now let vs go then, the morynge is nye gone
We can not any longer here remaine:

Farewell

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Farewell good Makers everyche one,
Tyll from the Churche we come agayne.

¶ Here they go out, and he summeth the Priest alone.

Syrs, by my trouthe it is a wonde to see,
The excedynge negligence of every one,
Even from the hyest to the lowest degree,
Both goodnes and conscience is cleane gone.
There is a yonge gentelman in this towne,
Who this same daye now must be maryed:
yet thoughe I woulde bestowe a Crowne,
That knave the Clarke can not be spyed.
For he is safe if that in the Alehouse,
He maye syt typlyng of Suthrowns Ale:
That oft he commes foorth as dronke as Mouse,
With a nose of his owne not greatly pale.
And this is not once, but every daye,
Almost of my faith, throughe out the whole yeare,
That he these tricks doth vse to playe,
Without all shame, dyscrye and feare.
He knoweth him selfe that yester nyghte,
The sayde yonge gentelman came to me,
And then desyred, that he myght
This maydynge perymes maryed be.
But now I doubte it wyll be hye noone,
Ere that this busynes be quite ended:
Unlesse the knaysche fools come very soone,
That this same thinge maye be dispatched,
And therfore fence that this naughty packe,
Hath at this present me thus stayed.

He is like hence forwarde my good wyll to lache
Or else vnwyse I mypght be iudged.
I am taught hereafter, howe such a one to trust,
In any matter concernynge the Churche,
For if I shulde, I perceyue that I must,
Of myne owne honestie loose verye much.
And yet for all this, from weeke to weeke,
For his stypende and wages he neuer cryeth,
And for the same contynually doth seeke,
As from tyme to tyme playnely appeareth,
But whyther his wages he hath deserued,
Unto you all I do me reporte,
Since that his duetie he hath not fulfylled,
Nor to the Churche wyll scant resorte.
That many a tyme and oft, I am fayne
To playe the Priest, Clarke and all
Though he thus to do, it is great payne,
And my reward but very small,
Wherfore (God wyllynge) I wyll such order take,
Before that I be many dayes elder,
That he shalbe glad this towne to forsake
And learne euermore to please his better.
And in such wyse all they shall be vsed,
Which in this parysshe entende to be Clarkes,
Great pyte it were, the Churche shulde be disordered
By cause that such Swydowles do not their warkes,
And to saye truetly, in many a place,
And other great townes besyde this same,
The Priestes and Parishioners be in the lyke case,
Which to the Churchwardens maye be a shame.
How shulde the Priest his office fulfyll,
Accordyngly as in dede he ought.

When

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When that the Clarke wyll haue a selfe wyll
And alwayes in Seruice tyme must be sought:
Notwithstandynge at this present there is no remedy
But to take tyme, as it doth fall,
Wherfore I wyll go hence and make me ready
For it helpeth not to chase or brall.

¶ Here the Priest goeth out,
and in commethe the rych man.

¶ The Ryche man.

LOmmynge this daye forth of my Chambre,
Euen as for water to wasshe I dyd call,
By chaunce I espyed a certayne straunger,
Standynge beneath within my Hall,
Who in very deede came from the Inholder
Wherfore for a tyme my Sonne dyd lye,
And sayde that his mayster had sent me a letter,
And bade hym to bryngе it with all spede possyblye,
Wherin he did write that as this daye
That vnthrifte my Sonne to a certein Mayde,
Shoulde then be wedded, without further delaye,
And hath borowed more, than wyll be payde.
And syncе that he harde, he was my Sonne,
By a Gentelman or two, this other daye:
He thought that it shoulde be very well done,
To let me haue knowledge therof by the waye,
And wylled me if that I woulde any thynge
Of hym to be done of me in this matter:
That then he his Seruaunt such worde shulde bryngе
As at his commynge he might do hereafter.
I bade hym thanke his Mayster most harteiye
And sent hym, by hym a peece of Venison:

For that he vouchesaued to wryte so gentely,
Touchynge the maryng and state of my Sonne,
But notwithstandynge I sent hym no Money,
To pay such Dettes as my Sonne dyd owe,
Because he had me forsaken vtterly,
And mee for his good Father woulde not knowe,
And sayde that with hym I woulde not make,
From that daye forwarde, durynge my life
But as he had brewed, that so he shulde bake,
Synce of hys owne choosynge, he gat him a wife.
Thus when his Seruaunte from me departed
Into my Chambre I went agayne,
And there a great whyle I bitterly weeped,
This newes to me was so great payne:
And thus with these wordes I began to mone,
Lamentynge and mourynge my selfe all alone.
O madnes, O dotynge of those yonge folke
O myndes without wytte, aduyse, and discretion,
With whom their parentes can beare no stroke
In their first Matrimoniall coniunction
They know not what myserye griefe and vnquietnes
Wyll hereafter ensue, of their extreme foolyshenes,
Of all such laboures, they be cleane ignorant,
Which in the nourysshynge and keppynge of Chyldren
To their great charges, it is conuenient
Either of them yeres forth to suffayne:
Concerynge expences bestowed in a howse
They perceyue not yet tell as doth the Mowse:
On the one syde, the wife wyll brall and scolde,
On the other side the Infant wyll crye in the Cradell:
Anone when the Chylde wexeth somewhat olde,
For meate and drynke, he begynnes to baddell.

Hereupon

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Herebypon commeth it, that at marketes and fayres
A Husbande is forced to bye many wares.
yet for all this hath my foolysche Sonne
As wyse a Wodcocke, without any wytte,
Despysynge his fathers mynde and oppynion,
Maryed a wyfe for hym most unfytte,
Supposynge that myth to be euerlastynge,
Which then at the fyrste was greatly pleasynge.
How they two wyll lyue, I can not tell,
Whereto they maye trust, they haue nothynge
My mynde gyueth me, that they wyll come dwell,
At length by their father for wante of lyuynge,
But my Sonne doubtles, for any thynge that I knowe
Shall reape in sorth wyth as he dyd sowe.
True he shall fynde, that Hipponactes dyd wryte
Whosoyde with a wyfe are two dayes of pleasure
The first is the ioye of the Maryage daye and nyght
The seconde to be at the wyfes Sepulture:
And this by experience he shall proue true,
That of his Bryddale great euyllys do ensue.
And (as I suppose,) it wyll proue in his lafe,
When he shall wysche that to him it maye chaunce,
Which vnto Eupolis and also his wife,
The nyght they were wedded, fell for a vengeaunce
Who with the heuy ruyne of the Bedde were slayne,
As the Poet Ouid in these two Verses makes playne.

¶ Si tibi conuiuii nox prima, nouissima vite,
Eupolis, hoc periit, nouua nupta modo.

Ouidius wryting agaynst one Ibis his enemye
That the fyrst nyght of his Maryage dyd wysche
The last of his lyfe myght be certenly.
For so (quod he) dyd Eupolis and hys wife perysche.

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That the fyrst night of his Marryage dyd wysche
The last of his lyfe myght be certenly.
For so (quod he) dyd Eupolis and hys wife perysche.

yet to my Sonne I praye God to sende
Because thereunto me Nature doth bynde:
Thoughe he hath offended, a better ende,
Then Eupolis and his wyfe dyd fynde.
And nowe I shall longe euer anone,
Tyll some of those quarters come rydynge hyther,
Unto the which my Sonne is gone,
To knowe how they do lyue togyther.
But I am fastynge, and it is almost noone
And more than tyme that I had dyned:
Wherfore from hence I wyll go soone,
I thinke by this tyme, my meate is burned.

Here the Ryche man goeth out, and in cõmeth the yongman his sonne with the yong woman, beynge both maryed.

¶ The Husbande.

My sweete wyfe, my pretye Conye.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ O my Husbande, as pleasaunte as Honye.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ O Lorde wath pleasures and great commodyties,
Are heaped togyther in Matrimonye.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Howe vehement, howe stronge a thynge loue is
Howe many sorrowes, and dulsome kysses.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ What sporlynge, what laughynge
What sporte, pastyme, and plaienge.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What ticklynge: what toyinge,
What dalyenge, what ioyenge.

¶ The

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¶ The Husbande.

¶ The man with the wyfe is wholly delyghted
And with many causes to laughter enforced.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ When they two drynke, they drynke togyther
They neuer eate, but one wyth another.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Somtymes to their Garden forth they walke
And into the fyeldes somtymes they go,
With mery trickes, and gestures they talke
As they do moue their feete to and fro.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Somtymes they ryde into the Countrey
Passynge the tyme wyth mirth and sporte,
And when with their frendes, they haue ben merye:
Home to their owne house they do resorte.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Somtymes abrode they go, to see playes,
And other trym syghtes, for to beholde:
When often they meete in the hye wayes
Muche of their aquaintaunce they knewe of olde.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Sometymes to the Churche, they do repayre
To here the Sermon that shalbe made:
Thoughe it to remembre, they haue small care,
For why, they be now, but fewe of that trade.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Somtymes at home, at cardes they playe
Somtymes at this game somtymes at that
They nede not with sadnes to passe the daye
Nor yet to syt still, or stande in one plat.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ And

¶ And as for vs wyues, occasions be mone,
Sometymes with our Gossyppes to make good cheere
Or else we dyd not, as dyd vs behone,
For certayne daies and weekes in the yeere.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I thynke that a man might spende a whole daye
Declarynge the Iopes, and endles dirgs:
Which maryed persones receyue alwaye,
If they loue faythfullye, as meete it is.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Wyues can not choose, but loue earnestlye
If that their Husbandes do all thynges well
Or else my sweete harte, we shall espye,
That in quietnes they can not dwell.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ If they do not, it maye be a shame
For I loue you hartele I you assure:
Or else I were truely greatly to blame
ye are so louynge, so kynde, and demure.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ I trust that with neither hande or foote,
ye shall see any occasion by mee:
But that I loue you euen from the harte roote
And durynge my lyfe so intende to be,

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Who then merye Maryage can discōmende
And wyll not with Aristotle in his Ethiches agree
But wyll saye, that mysery is the ende
When otherwyse I fynde it to be:
A polytique man wyll marye a wyfe
As the Phylosopher makes declaration,
Not onely to haue chyldren by his lyfe,
But also for lyuynge, helpe, & sustentacion.

¶ The

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¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Who wyll not with Herocles playnely confesse,
That Mankynde to Societie is wholly adioynynge
And in this Societie neuertheleſſe:
Of worthy Wedlocke tooke the begynnynge.
Without the which, no Cytie can ſtande
Nor Houſholde be perfecte in any lande.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Pythagoras, Socrates, and Crates alſo
Whiche truely were men of very ſmall Substaunce
As I harde my father tell longe ago,
Dyd take them wyfes with a ſafe conſcience:
And dwelled togyther, ſuppoſynge that they
Were vnto Philoſophy, nother ſtoppe nor ſtaye.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Yea what can be more accordynge to kynde
Then a man to a woman hym ſelfe to bynde?

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Awaye with thoſe therfore that Mariage deſpyſe
And of daungers therof inuent many lyes.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ But what is he that commeth yonder,
Do ye not thinke it is our man?
Somewhat there is that he haſteth hyther,
For he makes aſmuche ſpeed as he can.

¶ Here the Seruaunte of the Ryche man comes Seruing ouer, with an errande to his Maiſter.

¶ Seruaunte.

¶ Maiſter there is a Straunger at home
He woulde very fayne with you talke:

For vntyll that to hym you do come
Forth of the doores he wyll not walke.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Come on then my wyfe, if it be so,
Let vs departe hence for a season:
For I am not well, tyll I do knowe
Of that mannes commynge the very reason.

¶ Here they both go out, and their Seruaunt doth tary behind alone.

¶ Seruaunte.

¶ Let them go bothe, and do what they wyll
And with communicacion fyll their bealy:
For I by Sainct George wyll tary here styll,
In all my lyfe I was neuer so merye.
I haue this daye filled so many Pottes
With all maner wyne, Ale, and Beere:
That I wyshed their bealyes full of Bottes
Longe of whom was made suche cheere.
What kyndes of meate, both flesshe and fysshe
Haue I poore knaue to the table caryede
From tyme to tyme dysshe after dysshe,
My legges from goynge neuer ceased.
What runnynge had I for Apples and Nuttes.
What callyng for Biskettes, Cumfettes and Carowetes.
A vengeaunce sayde I, lyght on their guttes
That makes me to turne so many wayes.
What cryinge was there for Cardes and Dice.
What roystynge, what rustynge made they within.
I counted them all not greatly wyse.
For my head dyd almost ake with dyn.

What

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What babiyng, what iangiynge was in the house
What quaffyng, what dybbyng with many a Cuppe
That some laye alonge as dronke as a Mouse
Not able so much as their heades to holde vp.
What daunsynge, what leappyng, what iumpyng about
From benche to benche, and stoole to stoole
That I wondered their brayne dyd not fall out
When they so out ragiously playde the foole.
What iugiyng was there vpon the boordes
What thruskyng of knyues throughe many a nose
What bearinge of formes, what holdinge of swordes
And puttynge of Botkyns throughe legge and hose
yet for all that they called for drynke,
And sayde that they couldde not playe for drye
That many at me dyd nodde and wynke
Bycause I shouldde bryngeit by and by,
How so euer they spoyled the pot dyd still walke
If that were away, then all was lost:
For euer anone the Iugge was their talke,
They paste not who bare such charge and coste.
Therfore let hym looke his purse be ryght good,
That it may discharge all that is spente,
Or elis it wyll make hys barre growe through his hood
There was suche hauocke made at this presente,
But I am afeardde my mistrer be angrye
That I dyd abyde thus longe behynde:
yet for his angre I passe not greatly,
His wordes they be but onely wynde,
Now that I haue rested so longe in this place
Homewarde agayne. I wyll hye me apace.

Here the Vnruly goeth out, and in cometh first the Wife, and shortely after the Husbande.

¶ The Wyfe.

WHere is my Husbande, was he not here?
I mervayle much whyther he is gone
Than I perceyue I am much the nere,
But loe, where he commeth hyther alone.
Wot ye what Husband, from daye to daye,
With dayntye dysches, our bodyes haue bene fylled:
What meate to morowe nexte shall we assaye?
Wherby we may then be both refresshed.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Do ye nowe prouyde and gyue a regarde
For Victualles hereafter to be preparde?

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ But that I knowe Husbande, it lyeth vs in handes
Of thynges to come to haue a consyderacion
I would not ones wyll you to vnderstande
Aboute such busynes my carefull prouision:
It is nedefull therfore to worke we make hast
That to get both our lyuynges we may knowe the cast.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ To trouble me nowe, and make me vexed,
This mischieuous meane hast thou inuented.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What trouble for thee? what kynde of vexacione
Haue I to disquiet thee, caused at this presente?
My onely mynde is, thou make expedycion
To seke for our profyte as is conuenient.
Wherfore to thee I saye ones agayne,
Bycause to take paynes thou art so lothe,
By Christ it were best, with myght and mayne,
To fall to some worke, I swease a great othe.

¶ The Husbande.

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¶ yet for a tyme, if it maye thee please
Let me be quit, and take myne ease.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Wilt thou haue vs then throughe hungre be starued:

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I woulde not we shulde for hungre be kylled.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Then I saye then, this geare go about,
And looke that thou laboure diligently:
Or els thou shalt shortly proue without doubt,
Thy sluggyshnes wyll not please me greatly.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Begynnest thou euen now to be paynefull & grieuous
And to thy Husbande, a woman so troublous.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What wordes haue we here, thou vnbegotten,
Is there not alredy ynoughe to the spoken.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ O myth, O Iope, O pastyme and pleasure,
How lytell a space, do you endure.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ I see my cõmaunderment can take no place,
Thou shalt abye therfore, I sweare by the Masse.

¶ Here the Wyfe must stryke her Husbande handesomlye about the Shoulders with some thyng.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Alas good wyfe, good wyfe, alas, alas,
Stryke not so harde, I praye thee hartelye,
What soeuer thou wylte haue wrought to passe
It shalbe done with all spede possyblye.

¶ The

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Laye these faggottes man vpon thy shoulder
And carye thys wood from streete to strete:
To sell the same, that we both togyther,
Our lyuynge may get, as is most mete.
Hence Idiot hence, without more delaye
What meanest thou thus, to stagger and staye.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ O Lorde what howe myserable men be those
Whiche to their wyues as wretches be wedded
And haue them contynually their mortall foes
Seruynge them thus, as Slaues that be hyred.
Nowe by experience true I do synde,
Whiche oftentymes vnto me heretofore
My father vyd saye, declaryng his mynde
That in Matrymonie was payne euermore,
What shall I do most pityfull Creature?
Iuste cause I haue alas to lament:
That frantiche woman my death wyll procure
If so be this daye without gayne be spent
For vnlesse for my wood som Money be taken
Lyke a dogge, with a Cudgell I shalbe beaten.
Ho thou good felowe which standest so nye
Of these heauy bundelles ease my sore backe:
And somewhat therfore gyue me by and by
Or els I dye, for Spiner I do lacke.
Nowe that I haue some Monye receyued
For this my burden home I wyll go:
And lest that my wyfe be discontented,
What I haue done. I wyll her showe.
Wyfe I am come, I went a longe waye
And here is the profyte, and gaynes of this daye.

¶ The

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¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Why thou Lowte, thou foole, thou horson folte,
Is this thy wood money, thou peuishe Dolte?
Thou shalt smart for this geare, I make God a bowe
Thou knowest no more to sell wood, then doth the sowe.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ By Goddes precious I wyll not vnwyselyy suffre
To do as I haue done, any longer.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Why doest thou ryse against me Villayne?
Take hede I scratche not out thy eyes twayne.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Scratche and thou dare, for I haue a knyfe,
Perchaunce I wyll ryd the of thy lyfe.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Slaye me with thy knyfe, thou shytten Dastarde?
Doest thou thinke to fynde me suche a Dissarde?
By Coxe bones I wyll make thy skyn to rattell,
And the braynes in thy Scull more depely to sattell.

¶ Here the wyfe must laye on lode vppon her Husbande.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Good wyfe be content, forgeue my this faulte
I wyll neuer agayne do that which is naught.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Go to foolyshe Calfe, go to, and vpryse,
And put vp thy knyfe, I the aduise.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I wyll do your cõmaundementes what soeuer.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Hence awaye then, and fyll this with water.

¶ The Husbande.

O merceyfull God, in what lamentable state
Is he, of whom the wyfe is the mayster.
Wolde God I had bene predestinate,
On my Maryage daye, to haue dyed wyth a feuer.
O wretched creature, what maye I do.
My grieuous wyfe shall I returne vnto.
Lo wyfe beholde without further delaye
The water ye sent for, here I do bryngе.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ What I saye, what meaneth this weepynge.
What aylеth the to make all this cryynge.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ I weepe not forsothe, nor crye not as yet.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ No, nor thou wilte not, if thou haste any wyt,
It is not thy weepynge, that ran ought auayle,
And therfore this matter no longer bewayle.
Come of I sare, and runne to the Ryuer
And wasshe these clothes in the water.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Wyfe I wyll thyther hye me faste.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ yet I adwise the, thou Cullyon make hast.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ O howe vnhappye and vnfortunate
Is the moste parte of maryed mennes condycion.
I wouldе to death I had bene agate
When my Mother in bearynge me made lamentacion.
What shall I do, whyther shall I turne,
Most carefull man nowe vnder the Sonne
In the flamynge fyre, I had rather burne,

Then

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Then with extreme payne, lyue so heauylye,
There is no shyfte, to my wyfe I must go
Whom that I dyd wed, I am full wo.
Where are ye wyfe, your clothes are washte cleane
As whyte as a lylly without spot or steyne.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Thou thefe, thou caytyfe, why is not this place,
Washed as fayre as all the rest,
Thou shalt for this geare now smoke apafe
By gys I sweare, thou vnthrifte Beafte.

¶ Here shee must knocke her Husbande.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ Alas, alas, I am almost quyte dead,
My wyfe so pytyfully hath broken my head.

¶ Here her Husbande must lye alonge
on the groundes as though he were
fore beaten and wounded.

¶ The Wyfe.

¶ Well I perceyue, the tyme wyll awaye
And into the Countrey to go I haue promyfed
Looke therfore thou go not from hence to daye
Tyll home agayne I am returned.
Take hede I faye, this Howfe thee retayne,
And flyre not for any thynge out of my Doore:
Untill that I come hyther agayne,
As thou wylte be rewarded therfore.

¶ Here his Wyfe goeth out, and the
Husbande tarryeth behinde alone.

¶ The Husbande.

¶ The spynge and fiende go with my wyfe
And in her Journey ill maye she speede:
I praye God almighty to shorten her lyfe
The earth at no tyme doth beare suche a weede.
Althoughe that I be a Gentelman borne
And come by my Auncetours of a good blood,
yet am I lyke to weare a Cote forne
And hither and thither go carye wood.
But rather then I this lyfe wyll abyde
To morowe morynge I do intende,
Home to my father agayne to ryde,
If some man to me his Horse wyll lende.
She is to her Gossypes gone to make mery,
And there she wyll be for three or foure dayes:
She cares not thoughe I do nowe miscarye
And suffre such payne and sorowe alwayes.
She leaueth to me neyther Breade nor drynke
But such as I fugde, no bodye woide eate:
I mygbt by the walles lye dead and stynke
For any great holsomnes in my meate.
She walketh a brode, and taketh her pleasure
Her selfe to cherysche is all her care:
She passeth not what griefe I endure,
Or howe I can lyue with noughty fare:
And synce it is so, without further delaye
To my father to morowe I wyll swaye.

¶ Here he goeth out, and mutteth the Deuyll.

¶ Satan

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Satan the Deuyll.

HO, ho, ho, what a felowe am I
Geue rowme I saye both more and lesse:
My strength and power hence to the Skye
No earthly tonge can well expresse.
Oh what inuencious, crafteß and wiles,
Is there conteyned within this head:
I knowe that he is within fewe myles
Which of the same is throughly sped.
Oh, it was all my studye daye and nyght
Cõnyngly to bryngе this matter to passe:
In all the earth, there is no wighte
But I can make to crye alas.
This man and wyfe, that not longe agoe
Fell in this place togyther by the eares:
It was onely I that this stryfe dyd sowe
And haue bene aboute it certayne yeares.
For after that I had taken a smell:
Of their good wyll and fervent loue,
My thought I shuldé not tary in hell
But vnto debate them shortely moue,
Oh it was I that made hym to despyse
All wisdome, goodnes, vertue and learnynge
That he afterwarde coulde in no wyse
Ones in his harte fancie tearbynge.
Oh it was I, that made hym refuse
The holsome monyion of his father dere
And caused hym styll of a wyfe to muse
As thoughe she shoulde be his iope and chere.
Oh it was I, that made hym goe hence,
And suppose that his father was verye vnkynde,
It was I, that dyd dryue hym to such expence,

And made hym as bare, as an ape is behynde.
And nowe that I haue this bulynes ended
And ioyned hym and his wife together:
I thynke that I haue my part well played,
None of you all wolde do it better.
Ho, ho, ho, this well fauoured heade of myne
What thynge soeuer it hath in hande:
Is neuer troubled with Ale or Wyne,
Neyther by Sea, nor yet by lande.
I tell you I am a meruaylous bodye,
As any is at this daye lyuynge:
My head doth deuyse eche thynge so trymly,
That all men maye wonder of the endynge,
Oh I haue such fetches, such toyes in this head
Such crafty deuyses, and subtyll trayne:
That whom so euer of you I do wed,
ye are lyke at my handes to take small gayne.
There is no gentelman, knyght, or Lorde:
There is no Duke, Earle, or kynge:
But if I lyst, I can with one worde,
Shortly sende vnto their lodgynge.
Some I disquiet with Conceitousnes,
Some with wrath, pryde and lecherye,
And some I do thruste into suche distresse
That he feeleth onely payne and mysery,
Some I allure to haue theire delyght
Alwayes in Gloteonye, Enuye and murdre:
And those tyrannes to practise with all theyr mighte
Either by lande, or els by water.
Ho, ho, ho, there is none to be compared,
To me I tell you, in any poynte:
With a great sorte my selfe I haue tryed.

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That boldly ventured many a foynt.
And when for a longe tyme we had wrestled
And shewed our strength on eyther syde,
yet often tymes a fall they receyued,
When thrōughe my Policye their feete dyd slyde.
Wherfore (my dere children) I warne ye all,
Take hede, take hede of my temptacion:
For cōmonly at the last ye haue the fall
And also brought to Desperacion.
Oh it is a folye for many to stryue
And thynke of me to get the vpper hande:
For vnlesse that God make them to thryue
They can not agayns me sticke or stande.
And thoughe that God on hye haue his dompnion
And ruleth the worlde euery where:
yet by your leaue, I haue a porcion,
Of this same earth that standeth here.
The kyngdome of God is above in heauen
And myne is I tell you beneth in Hell:
But yet a greater place if he had dett euen
He shulde haue gyuen me and myne to dwell,
For to my Palace of euery Nacion
Of what degree or birth so euer they be,
Come runnynge in with such festination,
That other wyse they ouersed me,
Oh all the Jewes, and all the Turkes,
yea and a great parte of Christendome
When they haue done my wyll, and my workes
In the ende they flye hither all and some.
There is no minute of the day
There is no minute of the nyghte
But that in my Palace there is always

Crowdynge

Crowdynge togither a meruaylous sighte,
They come on thither, then swarmes of Bees,
And make such a noyse and cryinge out:
That many a one lyeth on his knees,
With thousandes kept vnder, and closed about
Not so much as my parlours, halles, and euery chamber
My Porches, my galeryes, and my courte:
My entryes, my kytchyn, and my Larder,
But with all maner people be fylled throughout.
What shall I saye more, I can not tell,
But of this (my children) I am certayne,
There comes more in one houre vnto Hell,
Then vnto Heauen, in a moneth or twayne.
And yet for all this, my Nature is such
That I am not pleased with this rempayne,
But out of my kyngdome I must walke muche
That one or other I maye take tardye,
Ho, ho, ho, I am neuer ones afrayde
With these my Clawes you for to touche,
For I wyll not leaue tyll you be payde,
Suche treasure, as is within my Pouche.
The worlde is my Sonne, and I am his father
And also the flesshe, is a doughter of myne
It is I alone, that taught them to gather,
Both Golde and Syluer that is so fyne.
Wherfore I suppose that they loue me well
And my Comaundementes gladly obaye,
That at the last then vnto Hell,
They maye come all ryght redy waye.
But now (I knowe) synce I came hither
There is such a multitude at my gate,

That

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¶ That I must agayne repayre downe thyther
After myne olde maner and rate.

¶ Here the Deuyll goeth out, and in cõmeth the Rychmans Sonne alone.

¶ The Sonne.

HOwe glad am I, that my iourney is ended,
Which I was about this whole daye.
My Horse to stande still I neuer suffred,
Because I woulde come to the ende of my waye,
But yet I am sorye that I can not fynde,
My loueynge Father at home at hys place:
That vnto hym I maye breake my mynde,
And let hym knowe my mysserable case.

¶ Here he confesseth his naughtynes vttering the same with a pitifull voice.

¶ I haue ben wylde, I haue ben wanton,
I haue euer folowed my fancye and wyll:
I haue ben to my Father a frowarde Sonne
And from daye to daye contynued still.
I haue alwayes proudlye dysdayned those
That in my madnes geue me good counsell
I counted them most my mortall foes,
And stowtely agaynst them dyd rebell.
The thynge that was good, I greatly hated
As one which lacked both wytte and reason,
The thyng that was euyll I euer loued
Which now I see is my confusyon.
I coulde not abyde of the Scholle to heare
Maysters and teachers my harte abhorred,

We thought the Booke was not for geare,
For my tendeer fyngers to haue handled,
I counted it a pleasure to be daintely fed
And to be clothed in costly array:
I woulde most tōmonly slugge in my bed,
Untyll it were verye farre forth daye.
And to be shorte, anone after this,
Ther came such fansies in my brayne:
That to haue a wyfe whom I might kysse
I reckened to be the greatest gayne.
But yet alas I was quyte deceyued
The thynge it selfe doth easely appeare:
I woulde alas I had ben buryed,
When to my father, I gaue not care.
That which I had, I haue clene spent,
And kept so much ryot with the same:
That now I am fayne, a Cote that is rent
Rag to weare for verye shame.
I haue not a crosse lefte in my purse,
To helpe my selfe nowe in my nede:
That well I am worthye of Goddes curse,
And of my father to haue small mede.

¶ Here the Ryche man must be as it were cōmynge in.

But excepte myne eyes do me deceyle,
That man is my Father, whom I do see:
And now that he cōmes, without crafte or wyle,
To hym I wyll bende on eyther knee.
Ah Father, Father, my Father most dere,

¶ The father.

¶ Ah myne owne chylde, with the what chere.

¶ The Sone.

¶ All such sayinges as in my mynde,

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At the fyrst tyme ye studied to sattell,
Most true alas, I do them fynde,
As thoughe they were written in the Gospell.

¶ The Father.

¶ Those wordes my Sonne, I have almost forgotten,
Stande up therfore, and kneele no longer:
And what it was I spake so often,
At two or three wordes, recyte to thy Father.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ If that ye be Father well remembred
As the same I believe ye can not forget:
you sayde that so soone as I were married,
Much payne and trouble thereby I should get.

¶ The Father.

¶ Hasse thou by proofe sonne, this thynge tryede

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Yea, alas to much I have experyenced:
My wyfe, I dyd wed, all full of frensye,
My selfe poore shoulders, hath dow so troubled,
That lyke to a Crepis, I mowe me weakly,
Beynge full often with the flasse thy wachede:
She spareth no more my flesshe and bone,
Than if my bodye were made of Stone,
Her wyll, her mynde, and her Commandements,
From that daye hyther, I have fulfilled:
Which if I dyd not, I was bytterly Shent,
And with many strokes geenously punysshed:
That woulde God the houre when I was married,
In the middle of the Church I might have fynded,
I thynke ther is no man vnder the Sonne
That here on the earth bearethyfe,
Which woulde do such drudgerye, as I have done,

At the vnkynde wordes of suche a wyfe,
For howe I was vsed, and in what wyse
I daye to declare wyll not suffyse.
Yet this be not true, as I haue spoken
To my good neyghbours I me reporte,
Who other whyles when I was suytes
My wyfe to be gentle, dyd then exhorte:
For glad I was to abyde aldiaboure
Whedyr the lesse might be my doloure.
Wherfore good father I you humbly desyre
To haue pitye of me and some compassione
Or els I am lyke to lye fast in the mire,
Without any succoure or consolation:
For at this houre I haue not a peny,
My selfe to helpe in this great mysery.

The Father.

For so muche as by my adyse and counsell
In no maner wyse thou woldest be ruled:
Therfore to the I can not do well,
But let the fyll suffre, as thou haste deserued
For that thou hast suffred, is yet not lynge
To that tribulation which is behynde cõmynge.

The Sonne.

Alas father, what shall I do?
My wytes of themselues can not deuyse,
What thynge I were best to goe vnto,
Wherof an honest iuynge mayre arise:
Wherfore gentle father in this distresse,
Somewhat asuage myne heynes.

The Father.

What shoulde I do I cannot tell,
For now that thou hast taken a wyfe

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With me thy father thou mayst not dwell,
But alwayes with her spende thy lyfe.
Thou mayst not agayne thy wyfe forsake,
Which durynge lyfe to the thou dydst take.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ Alas I am not able thus to endure
Thoughe therunto I were neuer so wyllynge:
For my wyfe is of such a crooked nature
As no woman els, is this daye liuynge,
And if the verye truth I shall confesse,
She is to me an euyll that is endlesse.

¶ The Father.

¶ If that thou thinkest thy selfe alone
Onely to leade this yrksome lyfe.
Thou maiest learne what griefe, sorowe and mone,
Socrates had with Xantippa his wyfe.
Her husbande full ofte she tawnted and cherked
And as the Bookes saythe vnhonestly mocked.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ I can not tell, what was Socrates wyfe
But myne I do knowe alas to well,
She is one that is euerwore full of stryfe
And of all Scolders beareth the Bell.
When she speaketh well, then brawleth her tonge
When she is styll she fyghteth apace:
She is an olde Witch thoughe she be yonge,
No mirth with her, no loye or solace.

¶ The Father.

¶ I can not my Sonne thy state redresse,
Of thy father thou dydst refuse:
Wherfore now helpe thy owne foolysheness,
And of thy wyfe no longer muse.

¶ The Sonne.

¶ My wyfe went forth vnto the Countrey
With certayne Gossyppes to make good chere,
And bad me at home styll to be,
That at her returne, she might fynde me there:
And if that she do take me from home,
My bones alas shee wyll make to rattell:
And me her Husbande as a starke mome,
With knockyng and mockyng she wyll handell.
And therfore if I maye not here remayne,
Yet loueyng Father, geue me your rewarde,
That I may with speede tide haue againe,
That to my wyfes wordes, haue some regarde.

¶ The Father.

¶ If that at the first thou woldest haue bene ordered,
And done as thy Father counsayled the:
So wretched a lyfe had neuer chaunced
Wherof at this present thou complaynest to me.
But yet come on, to my house wee wyll be gouernd
And ther thou shalt see, what I wyll gyue:
I lytell to helpe thy nedye lyuynge:
Synce that in such penurye thou doest lyue,
And that once done, thou must hence agayne
For I am not he, that wyll the retayne.

¶ Here the Ryche man and his Sonne go out, and in cõmeth the Petitioner.

¶ The Petitioner.

¶ The

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¶ The Perorator.

This Interlude here good gentle audience,
Which presently before you we haue played:
Was set forth with such care and diligence,
As by vs truely might well be shewed.
Shorte it is I deny not, and full of brevitie
But if ye marke therof the matter,
Then choose ye can not, but see playnely
How payne and pleasure be knyt together.
By this lytell playe, the father is taught,
After what maner his Chylde to vse:
Least that through cockeryng at length he be brought
His fathers Commandement to refuse,
Here ye maye learne a wyttie lesson,
Betymes to correcte his Sonne beyng tender:
And not let hym be lost and vndone,
With wantonnes of mischiefe the Mother.
For as longe as the twygge is gentell and pyeant
(Every man knoweth this by experience:)
With small force and strength it maye be bent
Putyng thereto but lytell dylygence.
But after that it waxeth somewhat bigger
And to cast his braunches largely begynneth,
It is scant the myght of all thy power,
That one bowghe therof, easely bendeth,
This twygge to a chylde maye well be applyed
Which in his childehoode, and age of Infancie:
With small correction maye be amended,
Embracyng the Schole with harte and bodie.
Who afterwards with ouer much lybertye,
And rangyng abrode with the Bydell of wyll,

Delyteth

Despyseth all vertue, learnynge and honesty,
And also his fathers wynde to fullfyll.
Wherby at the length it so falleth out
That this the ponge Stryplynge after that daye
Runnes into confusyon without any doubte
And lyke for euermore quyte to decaye.
Wherfore take hede all ye that be parentes
And folowe a parte after my counsell,
Instructe your Chyldren and make them studentes
That vnto all goodnes they do not rebell
Remember what writeth Salomon the wyse,
Qui parcit virgae, odit filium.
¶ Therfore for asmuche as ye can deuyse
Spare not the Rodde, but folowe wisdome.
Further ye ponge men and Chyldren alse
Lysten to me and harken a whyle,
What in fewe wordes for you I wyll showe,
Without any flatterye, fraude, or guyle.
This Richemans Sonne whome we dyd set forth,
Here euidently before your eyes:
Was (as it chanced) nothynge worth,
Gyuen to all noughtynes, vyce, and lyes.
The cause whereof was this for a truth
His tyme fullsdisly he dyd spende,
And wouide not studye in his youth,
Which might haue brought him to a good ende.
His fathers commaundement he woide not obaye,
But wantonly folowed his fantasye:
For nothynge that he couide do or saye,
Wouide bynge this Chylde to honestie.
And at the last (as here ye wyght see:)
Upon a wyle he ryses his mynde,

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Thynkynge the same to be felicitie,
When in dede mysery came behynde.
For by this wyse he carefully lyued,
Who vnder his father did want nothinge:
And in suche sorte was hereby tormented,
That euer a none, he went lamentynge.
His father dyd wyll him lyghtnes to leaue
And onely to gyue him selfe vnto studye:
But yet vnto vertue he would not cleaue,
Which is cõmodious for soule and bodye.
You heardе that by Sentences auncient and olde
He styred his Sonne as he best thought:
But he as an vnthryfte stowte and bolde,
His holsome counsell dyd set at nought.
And synce that he despysed his father
God vnto hym dyd sodenly then sende:
Such poverte with a wyfe, and griefe togyther
That shame and sorowe was his ende.
Wherfore to conclude, I warne you all
By your louynge parentes, alwayes be ruled:
Or els be well assured of suche a fall,
As vnto this yonguman worthely chanced.
Worshyp God daily, whiche is the chiefe thynge
And his holy lawes do not offende:
Looke that ye truely serue the kynge,
And all your faultes be glad to amende.
Moreouer, be true of hande and tonge,
And learne to do all thynges that be honest,
For no tyme so fytte, as when ye be yonge,
Bycause that age onely is the aptest.
I haue no more, to speake at this season,
For very good wyll these thynges I dyd sayd:

Yeaunce I do see that vertue is reason,
With most men and chyldren, at this daye.

¶ Here the rest of the Players come in and kneele downe all togyther, eche of them sayinge one of these Verses.

And last of all, to make an ende,
O God to the we most humbly praye:
That to Queene Elizabeth thou do sende
Thy lyuely grace, and perfecte waye,
Graunte her in health to raygne.
With vs many yeares most prosperously:
And after this life for to attayne,
The eternall blysse, Loye, and felycytie.
Our Bysshoppes, pastoures, and Mynisters also
The true understandynge of thy worde,
Both nyght and daye, owe mercyfully showe,
That their lyfe and preachynge maye godly accorde,
The Lordes of the Counsell, and the Nobylytie,
Most heauenly father, we thee desyre:
With grace, wisdome, and godly polycie,
Their hartes and myndes, alwayes inspyre.
And that we thy people duelye considerynge
The power of our Queene and great auctorytie,
Maye please thee and serue her without fayenynge,
Lyuynge in peace, rest, and tranquilytie.

¶ God saue the Queene.

¶ Songs.

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¶ A Songe.

Why doth the worlde studye vayngloryes to att ayne
The prosperytye wherof is shorte and transitory
Whose mighty power, doth fall downe agayne,
Lyke earthen pottes, that breaketh sodayly.
¶ Beleue rather wordes that be wrytten in Ie
Then the wretched world with his subtyltie:
Deceytfull in Gifteß, men easie to entyce,
Destytute of all sure credence and fydelytie.
¶ Gyue credyt more to men of true Judgementes
Then to the worldly renowne and ioyes:
Replenysched with dreames and vayne intentes,
Abounddynge in wicked and naughtye toyes.
¶ Where is now Salomon, in wisdome so excellent.
Where is now Sampson, in battell so stronge.
Where is now Absolon in Beautie resplendent.
Where is now good Jonathas lyd so longe.
¶ Where is now Cesar in victorye trymphynge.
Where is now Dives, in dishes so dayntie.
Where is now Tully in Eloquence excedynge.
Where is now Aristotle, learned so deperye.
¶ What Emperours, kyngs, and Dukes in times passe
What Earles and Lordes, and Captaynes of warre
What Popes and Bysshoppes, all at the last,
In the twynckynge of an eye are fled so farre.
¶ Howe shorte a feaste is this worldly ioyenge.
Euen as a shadowe it passeth awaye,
Deprynynge a man of Gyftes euerlastynge
Leadynge to darkedes and not to daye.

¶ O

¶ O meate of wormes, O heape of duste,
O lyke to dewe clyme not to bye:
To lyue to morowe, thou canst not truste,
Therfore now betyme helpe the nedye
¶ The fleshely Beautie, wherat thou doest wondre,
In holy Scripture is lykened to Haye:
And as a Leafe in a stormye weather,
So is mannes lyfe blowen cleane a waye,
¶ Calle nothynge thyne that maye be lost,
The worlde doth gyue and take agayne:
But set thy mynde on the holy Ghoste,
Despyse the worlde that is so vayne.

¶ Finis.

S. Johan Evangelist.

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